APRIL REEL
(CHAPBOOK)
Eneye Lawal

Copyright © 2025 Eneye Mukhtar Lawal

All Rights Reserved.

This is a self-published work. While this collection is freely distributed,

the author retains all creative rights to the content.

No part of this publication may be modified or used for commercial purposes

without permission from the author. You are welcome to share this collection

in its complete form for non-commercial purposes.

First Edition, April 2025

Certain poems contain contributions from co-authors as noted within the text.

These contributions are included with permission.

"AprilReel '25" represents a daily poetry project created throughout April 2025.

Cover Design: AI

For inquiries or permissions:

Mail: lawaleneye1@gmail.com

WhatsApp: 07067475007

FB: Lawal Eneye (Penter)

IG: lawal_eneye

Content

4. Acknowledgement

5. Introduction

8. April Reel

9. How do you know she is the one?

11. Adulthood

13. Loss and gain

15. Male

17. Dey Give Joy

19. Fattest bone

23. I Cannot Wait for the World to See You

24. Kindred Souls

25. Thank You

26. A Ballad for Hajia Fatima Muhammad

27. 16 Gave 17

29. 17

30. Good Friday

31. Black Box

33. Young Fried

35. Words

37. We are Stories

38. Miracle Water

39. Giggle Tree

41. May

Acknowledgement

Special thanks be to God for the inspiration to put this book together. It began as a project to share poems and it metamorphosed to this book. Every step of the way, He gave the inspiration.

I thank Christiana Williams and Olobo Ejile for collaborating with me to write some of the poems in this collection. I appreciate Chimamanda for her insightful contribution to the book cover of this book.

There are many persons, things and events who inspired the poems in this collection directly and indirectly. There are so numerous to mention. Worthy of note is Akinremi Victoria Oluwatofunmi.

Thank you for making this words live!

Introduction

April Reel is a product of what began as a decision to write poetry from Mondays to Fridays in April. That you have a copy of the book in your device shows that the initiative saw the light of day. While I will not mind applause, I think there is something to learn from this. It is that you are a decision away from the realization of any dream. Just decide!

Many of the poems in this book have videos were I read them. In case you want to have an audio-visual expression of the poem, click here will bring you safely to where there are.

April Reel is a book that captures my fruitful wanderings through April. I tried to maintain the order that I wrote them. I did this so that you can watch my every step as I wrestled the uncertainties and love that confronted me in April.

Poetry is a conversation between writer and read-

er. Every good writer only initiates a conversation. I wrote the poems you will find in this book to spark a conversation. Do well to reach out to me through any medium that feels comfortable to you.

Eneye Lawal

2025

Poetry is

Man

Meaning to

Man

Niyi Osundare

Happy April

As we look at the calendar and it says first,
We turn our backs on March
Forgetting the songs and the poems we wrapped her in
And the prayers and wishes we served her with–
We forget how we stood beside March with sweaty
palms and shaky legs

These are all in the past now,
The fattened March is swallowed up by the yawning
April
And again, we load our bellies and lips with freshly cut
songs and poems
To hurl down the necks of stray drums–
It is "Happy April" all day
The fattened old is eaten up by the yawning new
It is true for April as it is for you.

How Do You Know She is the One?

I have held this question at the top of my mind for far too long
And the more the words I find; the less answers there are.
Don't get me started with how their eyes blazed when they met
Or how words would not cease no matter how much of it they spend
Or rub that obscure word–love–on me.
These are the exact words they throw at the judge
As they wait for him to slash his knife through what is left of them.
Or the morgue! It will not be belching with bodies
Tattooed by daggers …

Do I just walk anyone to the isle hoping that she is the one?

Or hope that a scuffle does not arise tomorrow

And my chest will play host to Brutus blade?

How do you know she is the one?

Adulthood

My child, I will give anything to fit my feet into your shoes.

I yearn for the days you tread

When words are like a golf ball

That the harder you hit them, the farther they spin

I yearn for the days you tread

When the colour of your lips bore no meaning

And no one looked to it to live

I yearn for the days you tread

When math and science are these lofty things

You endure only to lose on judgement day

I yearn for the days you tread

When lunch is painted by the palette of dad's pocket
And the weight of your tears can affect the aroma of dinner

My child, adulthood does not have ones exact size
It is either too big or too small
And despite our cool socks, kicks and steeze,
We yearn for your shoes and the paths you use.

Loss and Gain

With my lips, it is easy
Once I clap them, the protest of my heart will fall like
leaf in the heat of harmattan
I cannot say the same for the tongue of my pen;
I fear it even,
It has a way of breaking into my thoughts and flaunting
the spoils

Many times, it is after I had put them on line that I find
out
The odour of my nakedness.
I have lost so much to these words.
If it ever warms or cuts you, do not applaud,
I lose so much at the birth of these words.

But, losing is not a loss

Many times, it is the price to win.

Fame

Whenever I pick up my pen, it is not fame that I pursue
There is just so much on my chest and until pen meets sheets
I am condemned to carrying a truck load of shit
It is worse being a poet, worst still being a poet with a heavy heart.
But it is not like I mind anyway.
I would love to look back and catch a sea of heads whispering– "that's him"
I would love to see a crowd sitting under the moon
With my words on the tray.
I would love to sit on stools some day with the greats
And years after breath has lost its way to and fro my lungs
My dry bones would still be bustling with life, making alive.

Yes, I love fame

But, when I pick up the pen, it is just a guy trying to let go of a truck load of shit!

Dey Give Joy

As e no dey hard us to see early mor mor

We come lose guard

Forget say one day, sun go climb bed and we no go kn

ow

Wetin dey the life?

If e no be to hol person wer wan fall

And allow smile siddon yakata for pipo wer waka reach

wer we dey

E no pass that wan o!

Wen you kpai now,

Everything go waka

Wetin go remain na wetin you put for people belle.

No be how many shoe you get

Or how many shirt you wear

Or whether your name na national anthem

Na the tears wer you clean for pipu face and the joy wer

you give them naim be life.

So, as you dey see early mor mor now

Know say one day one day, sun go climb bed you no go know.

Before that day break, no taya to dey give joy

Na life be dat.

Fattest Bone

I wonder how the dog fares
Seeing the crown of thistle we have nestled on his head
And the song of scorn we have wearied his ears with these years
For warming the ground long after the others had zoomed.
We have called him lazy and crazy; laughed at his flesh-forlorn frame
And cheered his brothers for wearing impatience as a badge.
But, look. See beyond the bones tethered to their teeth
The flock of flies that follows them about–
Watch how they lightly brush death in their journey to find bones.

The patient dog never goes to bed hungry

While his owner may not meet him at first crow,

As long as his eyes do not stray from his owner's door

He will eat the fattest bone.

If your driver is patience, you may not go fast

But you will arrive on time.

What Did You Get?

Michael got a voice and with a lit mic
drew both tears and cheer from men

Leanardo got fingers that after they had danced on can-
vas
A Mona Lisa would stand before our eyes

King got a dream
That would not cower at the sight of threatening clubs
Or a history soiled in blood

Edison got a mind
That did not bow to failure
But continued till he put the light at the tunnel's end

Soyinka got words

And although his palms shake when worn a pen

He never cease to weave words into worlds

Friend, my pen has begun to stutter and

It has not met your name,

Tell me, what did you get?

I Cannot Wait For The World To See You.

I cannot also wait to see you either;
All I have seen so far are glimpses
As of a child at the eve of Christmas peering into a key-hole
To feed his belching soul with
What gifts father had kept away from his eyes.

While it cheers my heart the lot I have seen
I know there is more
And that someday, the door will fall
And no longer will I need to squint through a hole

Someday, very soon too, I will see you
Not just me, we will see you
We cannot wait!

Kindred Souls

What is love? If not a journey of kindred souls

knitting, splitting, 'spanding

What is love? If it does not leave us parched and full

What is love? If distance is not always an enemy

What is love? If battles are not won and wars lost

What is love?

What lies ahead of us are the seeds

We sow in the soil of today

They would either hide our heads when the sun comes

Or thorn us until we are torn and unable to be whole.

Like a sculptor, let love, this love, fashion us

Until eye in eye, there will be nothing left

'Cept two naked kindred souls.

Thank You

I wish I did not have to rely on ink, marks and strokes

I wish you were close enough

To catch my lips and the way my mouth pours

As it tries to sculpt the words, "thank you"

Thank you, really, thank you

For love, for this is love …

A Ballad for Hajia Fatima Muhammad, Ph.D

These years, I have as a cub watches her mother,
Caught as you cut through the woods with grace.
I have seen your roar still many storms
And split many seas.
I have heard tales of the warmth in your embrace
And felt it.

I have seen your prints
And although my paws drown inside its walls;
I know someday, my paws will wear your print
And it will fit.

Happy Birthday, mummy!

16 Gave 17

They told me she had one too many morsels

Battered by dada's pestle.

She washed her feet and climbed the bed

And before sleep whisked her away

Her tummy would not let her lie

Neither would a bowl of pleas.

She groaned until she was lain on a 'wife's bed

And her pains, the mockery and cheer of the room

would not assail

When her voice rose, it drenched the hall

Pulling scorn and cheers.

It was her longest nightmare

The cock had hardly crowed when her wails ceased

And a sweet cry rang from her palms.

16 gave 17 more than sun

It put a son on the chest of dada.

17

17 Does Not Change

Like the last, I was drenched in the current

From the seas I wandered close to their shores.

17 does not change

Like the last, I am at the verandah alone

Pondering on the steps to take before it is 17 again.

Good Friday

They lost sight of Sunday

After they saw the nails, weep and spittle.

Weary his divine flesh

Who wouldn't?

Only yesterday, he sat at table as bartender

Serving his flesh and blood

Today, that flesh was not spared as little as a loin cloth.

What stood before them was a naked man nailed to a

bloody cross

Sour was the cup he drank

That their hearts sank.

But though one fate fell on saint and thieves

It is Good Friday.

Black Box

How do you speak so softly but yet fire salt
On the blue clouds of my eyes?
I listened to you again and battled to keep the rain from falling.

We do not tick all the boxes I know,
But yet I am the first to unsheathe my red pen
When your box falls out of rank.

I want to tell you sorry but I wonder
How much of it will be enough to tend the wounds from my red pen.
Also, I fear if I can lose the red pen.
I have held it for too long that it cleaves to my palm
And the more I try to toss it, the longer the strokes it

draws.

I want to lose this red pen

And learn to not stare so much at the black box

That I lose sight of the white ones.

Young Friend

Years ago, I sat in class with my fellows
And saw my teacher draw strokes on the board–some
short, some long
And called them these weird names
Pun swam out of my mouth with ease
But Onomatopoeia would not!
My tongue faltered many times as it neared its hills.
I wondered why it was not called something coy
Like “oi!”

My teacher put books on our desks until we could not
see
How much it wearies the next sit
And would read lines till we could tell am oxymoron
from a metafool

Sorry, metaphor

So, I know the stuff.

But whenever I pick the quill, I don't care whether it

rhymes,

I just want to spend the things around my neck.

Do so too.

Words.

I have something too
And I think it is in words–sounds & letters.
It is also in my fingers, have you seen them on the run-way of a guitar?
It is definitely not in my feet–it is only when the light is dim
That it scoffs at Poco Lee's.

I think there is something in these words when I strum them
I have seen them pull tears, put cheers, poke bears
And yes! It has cost me knocks
But more, it has won be hearts.

I think there is something here.

Shortly after the tongue of my pen licks sheet

Words protrude.

I have something

And I think it is in words.

We Are Stories

We are not just flesh with blood coursing through veins
We are a pool of stories that hide under the smiles
We toss so freely when your wave meets our eyes

We may lie on the same bed but be far
Heal or cut you,
And why it is words you will find;
We are only dancing to the rhythm of our stories.

We are stories your eyes may never meet
If we do not let them behind the blood snaking through
our plain veins.
We are storeys high and stories hide within our stony
eyes.

Miracle Water

Olobo Ejile & Eneye Lawal

Some days, I find solace under the shower,
where cold water drums atop each strands
of my hair, reaching my scalp, while I listen,
with closed eyes, to the silent hope the water
breathes in me, as it slides and travels through
my dry skin, where it paths in-between my loins,
down to my feet. I call this moment suspension
of grief, moment that lifts heavy burden off
my soul. After the soothing shower, I hold
the knob of the bathroom door, walking
weightless like an empty shell, I walk with
a sutured heart, with no burden, no sorrow,
no song of bereavement playing at the backdrop
of my mind, I walk with a leap of faith…

Most days, I had scarcely let the walls of the bathroom
Into a secret I guard with wool, jean and socks,
When I am caught in a deluge of words.
I swear! My pen would never have fetched them no matter
How long I staired the lean stream.
Many times, I jilt the bathroom before its hands had met
My hips soaked and, like Moses, parting the sea in my eyes
So I can run the lips of my pen before the deluge lifts
If I don't, it will me on my desk again, clutching a stuttering pen.

The Giggle Tree

(Christiana Williams & Eneye Lawal)

I found a tree that loves to laugh,

It shakes with joy on Christiana's behalf—

Its leaves go tee-hee in the breeze,

And tickle birds right off their knees!

It drops down jokes like falling fruit,

Each one a rhyme or silly hoot—

If you walk by and say "hello,"

It might just laugh and let you glow!

I got and kept close to this tree

And I turn to it when grief creeps

A touch here, a tickle there

This poor lad a smile he wears

There is no wealth or cunning

Be it of spirits, gnomes or earthlings

That can yank me off the glee

When by the Tree of Life I be.

May

Where is April?

That proud month that held dates, hopes & prayers

Is it not the same that treads the path of her forebears

With vultures lurking in hiding

And dancers taking their form to give May a warm wel-

come?

Ends are beginings disguised.

April has lost our stare.

We look to May with hope and wonder

And while it is not clear what May brings

We know, that like April, we will watch her heir

And with joy, wave our palms to God.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lawal Eneye is a graduate of English and Literary Studies. He graduated from Prince Abubakar Audu University (formerly Kogi State University).

He is a teacher, poet, content writer and storyteller. His passion is to teach people how to use words and express themselves better. His hobbies include: playing guitar, reading, writing and teaching.

Other books by the writer include:
Company to Writing Poetry
Thou Shall Write!
Story Story!